

MADE MEN MADE MEN

TOBIN
SUSINI
DUARTE
TEMOFONTE



MADE MEN



PREVIOUSLY: Jutte Shelley—she's going by Jutte Frankenstein now—has successfully brought her murdered squadmates back from the dead. They're different now, but still able to do their jobs. Which are... what, exactly? Well, since they're no longer on Detroit's payroll, they're doing a few... odd jobs. But now they've got a solid lead on the dopes who did the deed. It's payback time.

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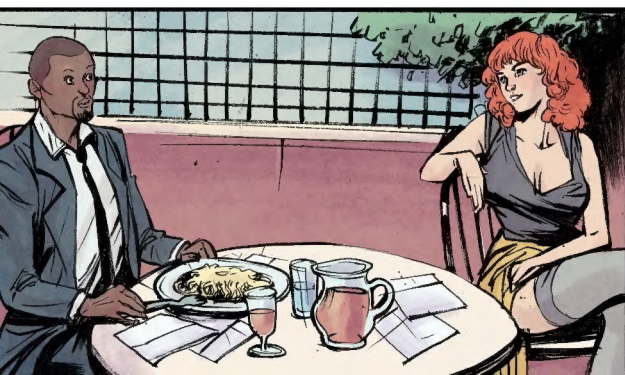
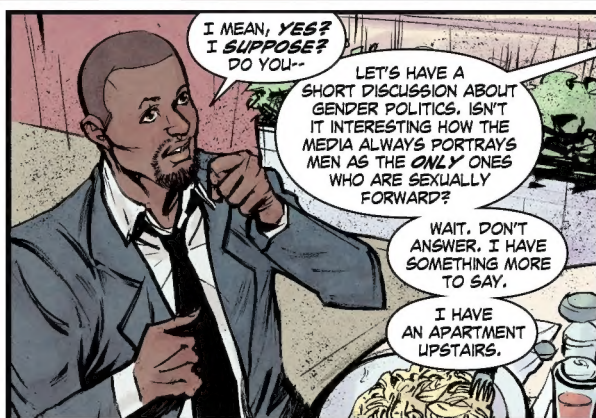
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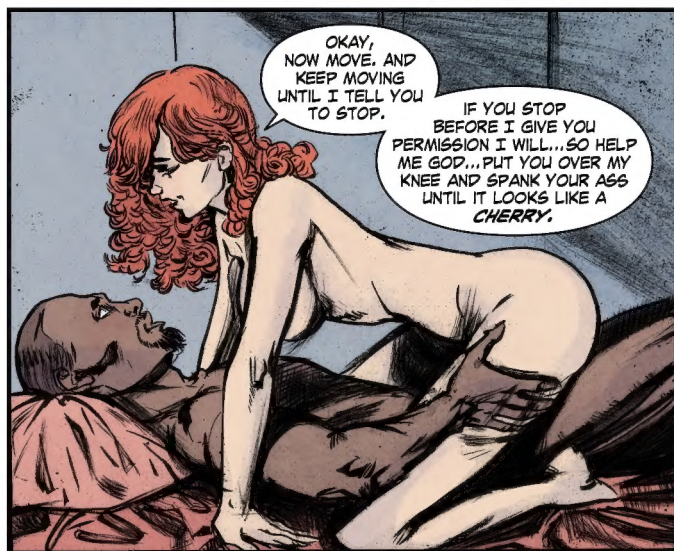
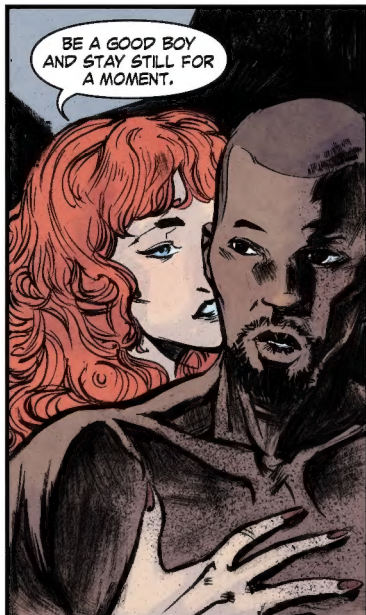
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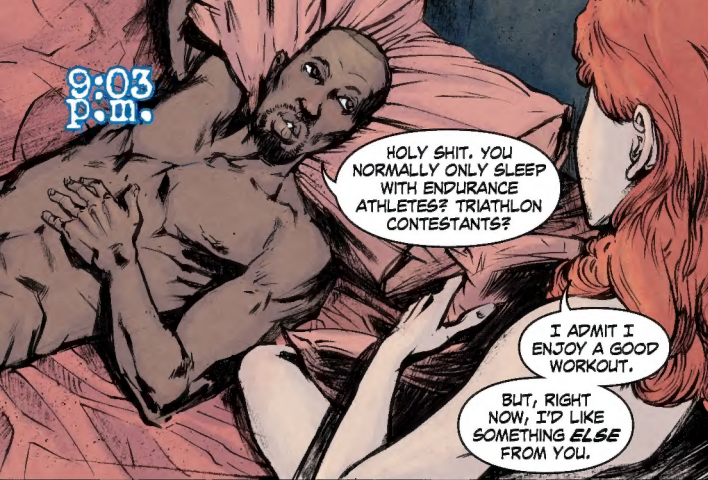
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7:22
p.m.







9:03
p.m.

HOLY SHIT. YOU
NORMALLY ONLY SLEEP
WITH ENDURANCE
ATHLETES? TRIATHLON
CONTESTANTS?

I ADMIT I
ENJOY A GOOD
WORKOUT.

BUT, RIGHT
NOW, I'D LIKE
SOMETHING *ELSE*
FROM YOU.



YEAH?

WHAT'S
THAT?



ACCESS TO
ALL POLICE FILES ON A
CONTINUING BASIS, INCLUDING
THE FBI'S CRIMINAL JUSTICE
INFORMATION SERVICES, AND A
PIPELINE TO INTERPOL'S
DATABASES.

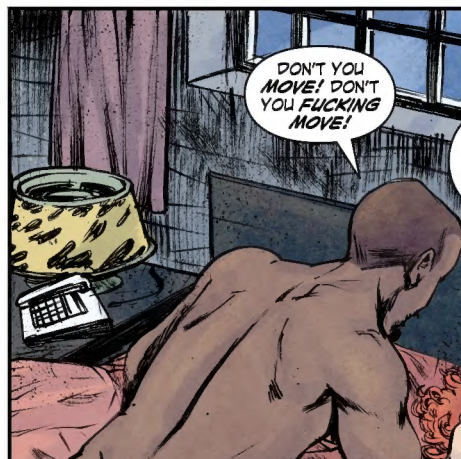


YOUR NAME IS LUKE LARKIN.
THIRTY-TWO YEARS OLD.
RECOVERING CANCER PATIENT.
MEMBER OF THE DPD FOR NINE
YEARS. MADE DETECTIVE
TWO YEARS AGO.

YOU
AND YOUR
PARTNER, AYERS,
WERE ASSIGNED
TO THE SHARPY
THORPE MURDER
CASE. THE TWO
OF YOU--



URKK!



DON'T YOU
MOVE! DON'T
YOU *FUCKING*
MOVE!



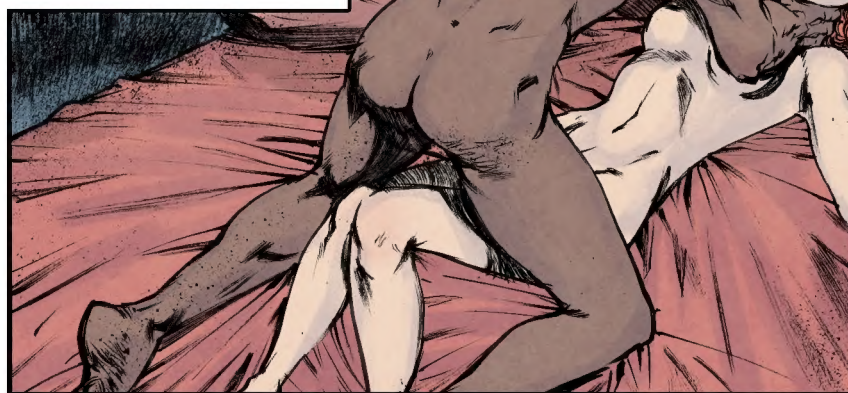
SO THAT'S WHAT ALL THIS
WAS ABOUT? YOU MEETING
ME IN THE CAFE? TAKING
ME UP HERE?

YOU THINK YOU
CAN, WHAT? TALK
ME INTO GIVING YOU
ACCESS TO THE FILES?
MAYBE...BLACKMAIL
ME SOMEHOW?

IT WAS
ALL FOR...
THIS SHIT?

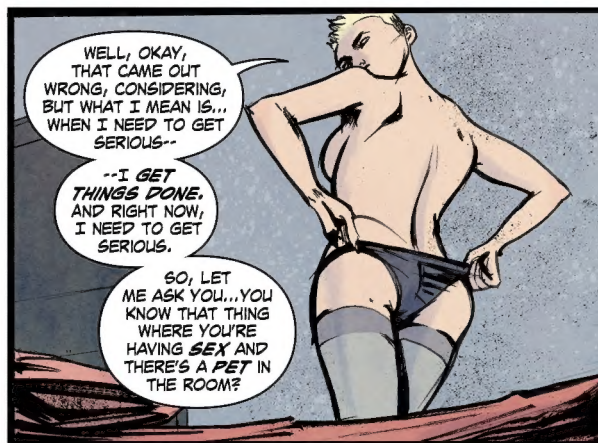
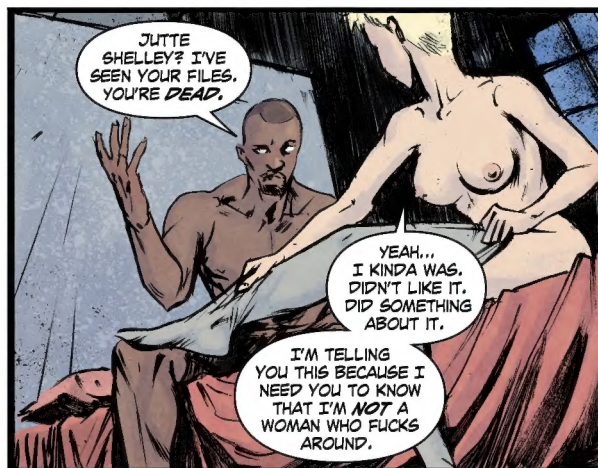
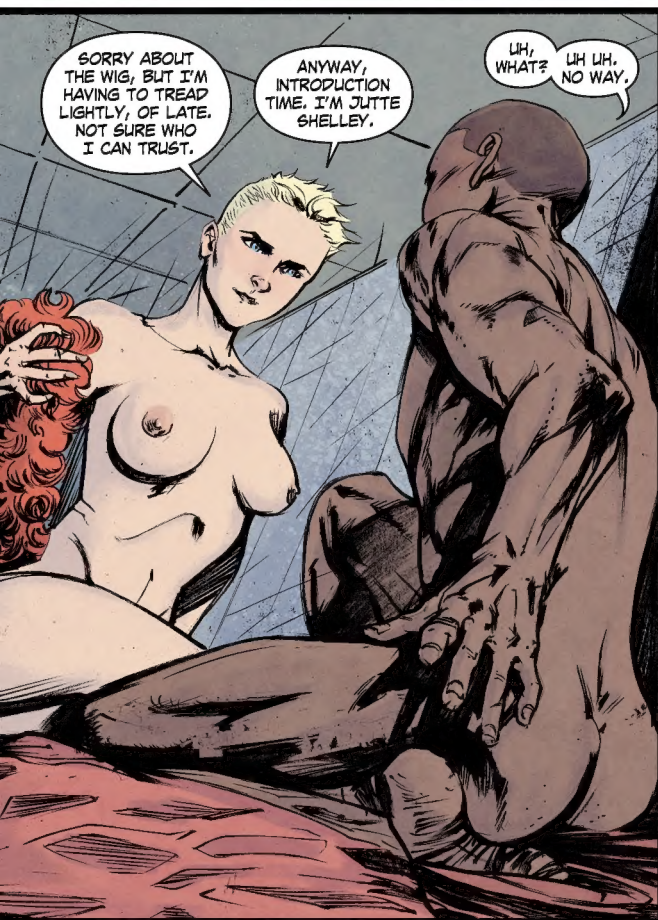
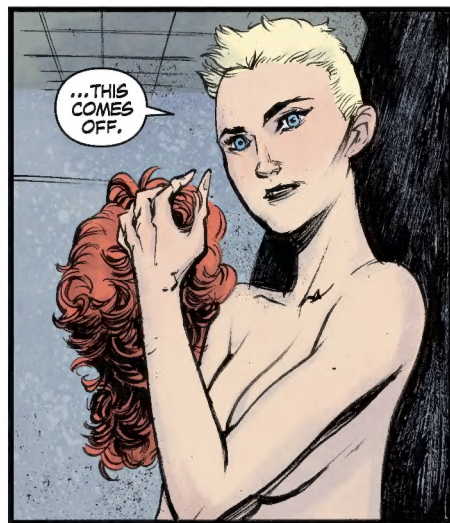
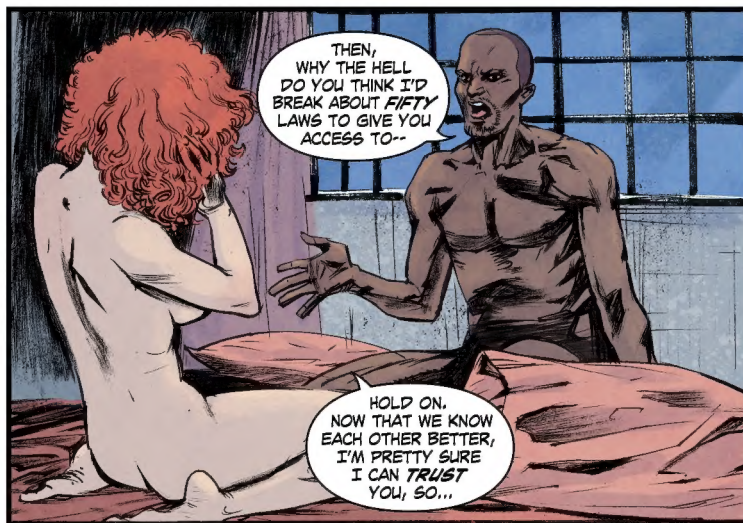
FUCK NO.
I JUST
WANTED TO
GET LAID.

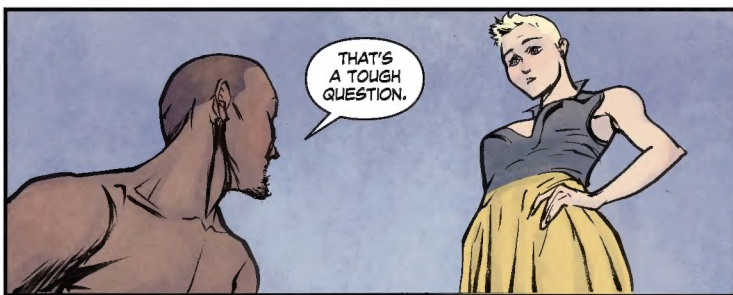
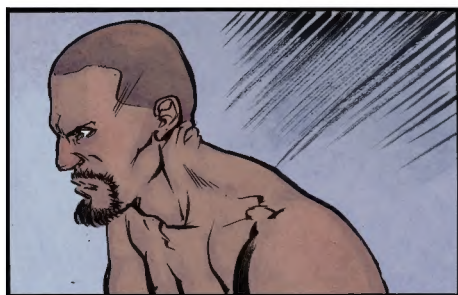
I'VE BEEN
UNDER A LOT OF
STRESS OF LATE AND
NEEDED A GOOD
RELEASE.



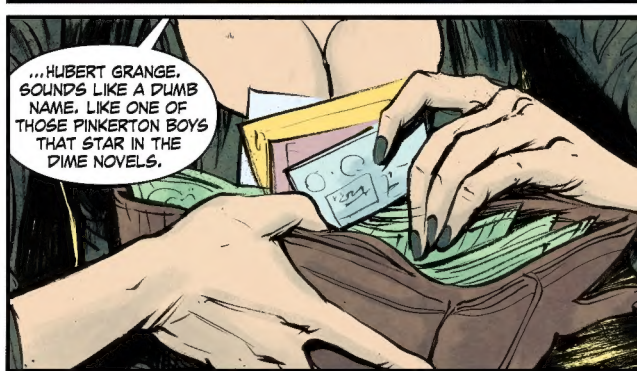
PLUS, YOU
KNOW, *SEX*.
I LIKE IT.









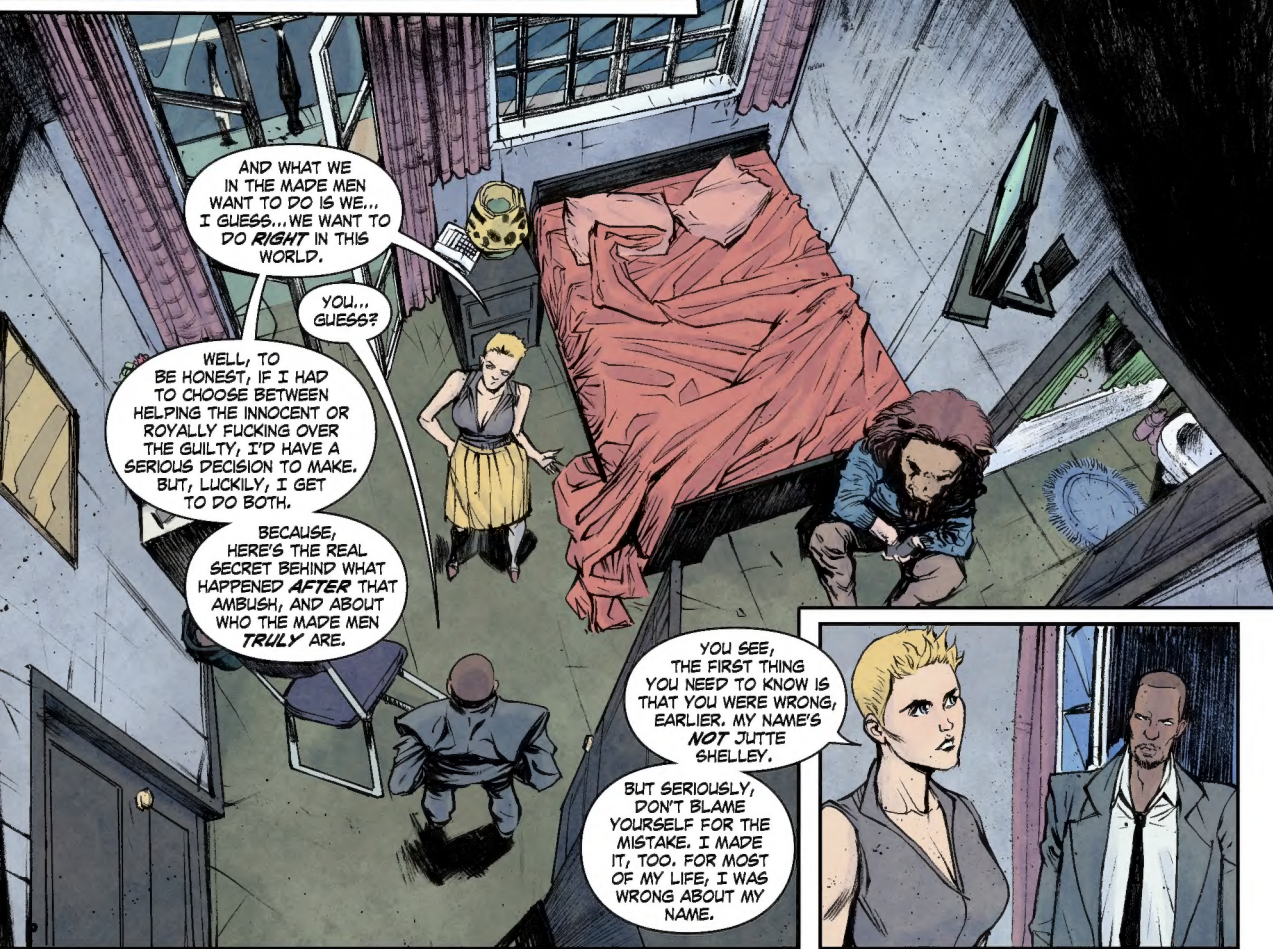




"THERE ARE FIVE OF US. THERE'S ME, HADRY, GEMINI, A MAN CALLED EX, AND, WELL, YOU'VE MET LEO."



"WE'RE ALL THAT'S LEFT OF MY SQUAD. ALL THAT'S LEFT OF THOSE WHO WERE GUNNED DOWN ON A CERTAIN AUGUST 14TH, OUT BACK OF PUSKIN'S BAR."



AND WHAT WE IN THE MADE MEN WANT TO DO IS WE... I GUESS... WE WANT TO DO *RIGHT* IN THIS WORLD.

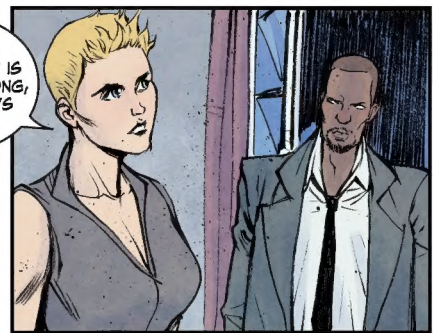
YOU... GUESS?

WELL, TO BE HONEST, IF I HAD TO CHOOSE BETWEEN HELPING THE INNOCENT OR ROYALLY FUCKING OVER THE GUILTY, I'D HAVE A SERIOUS DECISION TO MAKE. BUT, LUCKILY, I GET TO DO BOTH.

BECAUSE, HERE'S THE REAL SECRET BEHIND WHAT HAPPENED *AFTER* THAT AMBUSH, AND ABOUT WHO THE MADE MEN *TRULY* ARE.

YOU SEE, THE FIRST THING YOU NEED TO KNOW IS THAT YOU WERE WRONG, EARLIER. MY NAME'S *NOT* JUTTE SHELLEY.

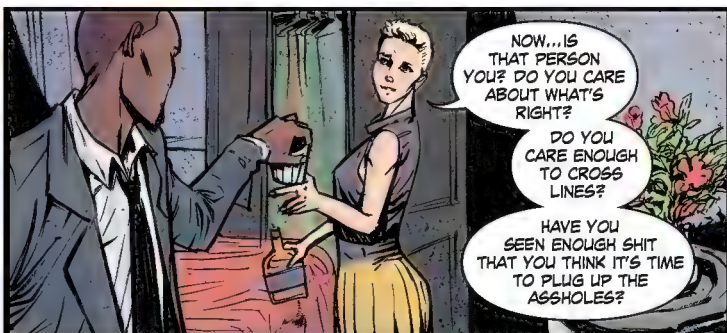
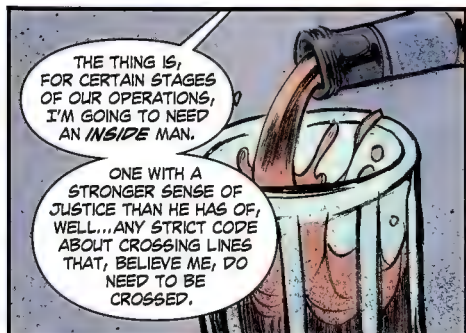
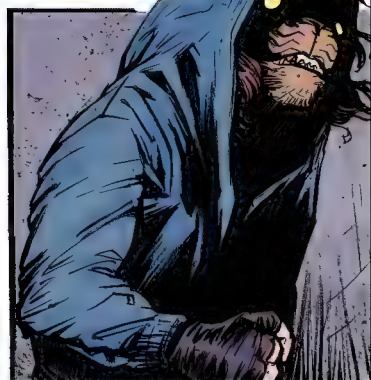
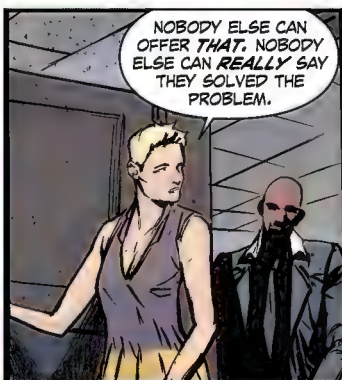
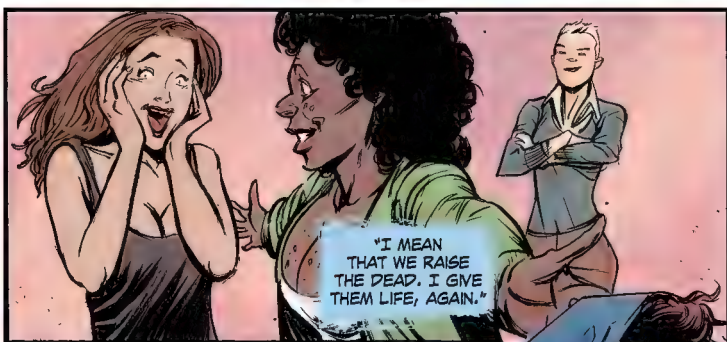
BUT SERIOUSLY, DON'T BLAME YOURSELF FOR THE MISTAKE. I MADE IT, TOO. FOR MOST OF MY LIFE, I WAS WRONG ABOUT MY NAME.

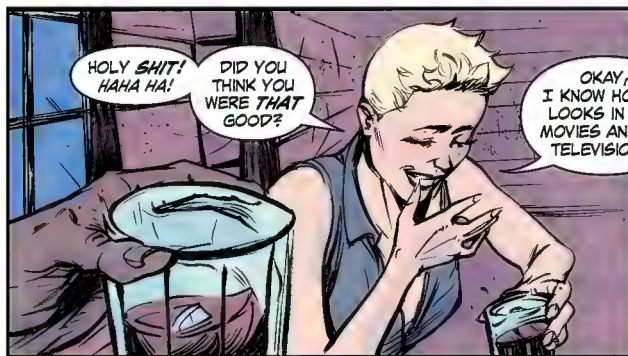


IT'S JUTTE FRANKENSTEIN. I'M A FRANKENSTEIN.



AND THE MADE MEN, WELL... THEY'RE A PRODUCT OF MY FAMILY BUSINESS.

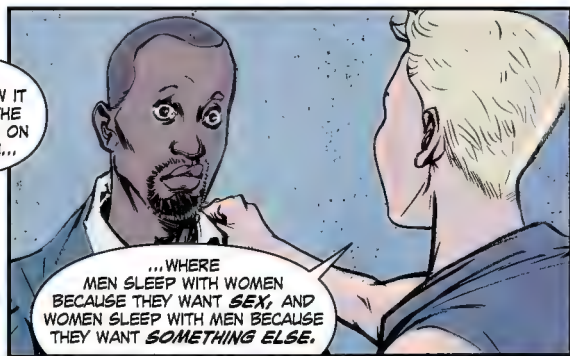




HOLY SHIT!
HAHA HA!

DID YOU
THINK YOU
WERE *THAT*
GOOD?

OKAY,
I KNOW HOW IT
LOOKS IN THE
MOVIES AND ON
TELEVISION...



...WHERE
MEN SLEEP WITH WOMEN
BECAUSE THEY WANT *SEX*; AND
WOMEN SLEEP WITH MEN BECAUSE
THEY WANT *SOMETHING ELSE*.



BUT,
LISTEN UP. I
ONLY SLEPT WITH
YOU BECAUSE I
WANTED *SEX*.

AND, AS
FAR AS *SEX*, I'M
PRETTY AND I'M
CONFIDENT AND IT'S
NOT THAT HARD
FOR ME.

IN FACT,
WATCH.



HEY! YOU
DOWN THERE! IN THE
GREEN JACKET. YOU WANT
TO STOP BY TOMORROW
NIGHT AND HAVE SEX
WITH ME?

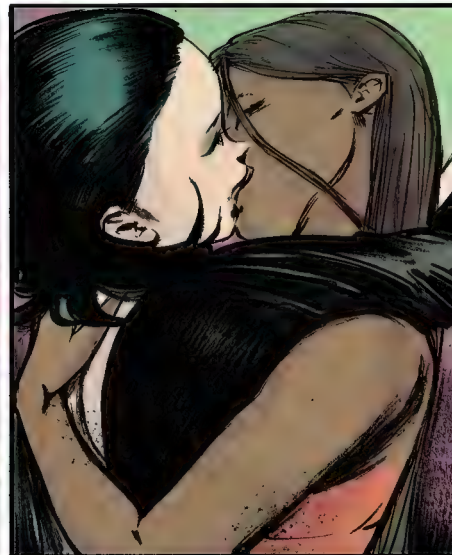
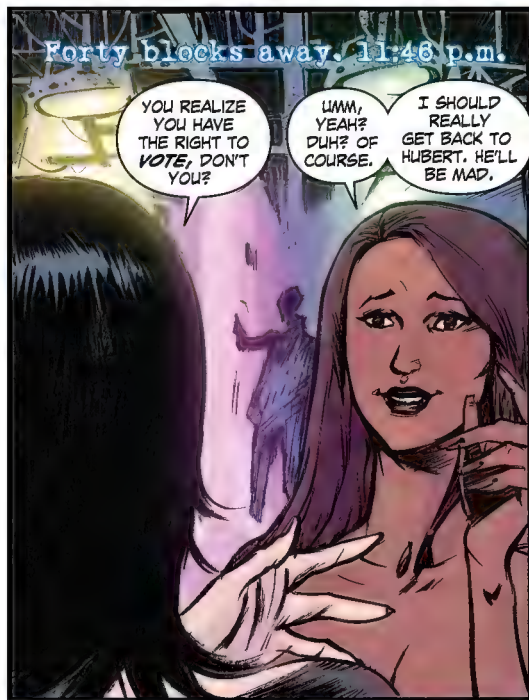


UH,
YEAH?



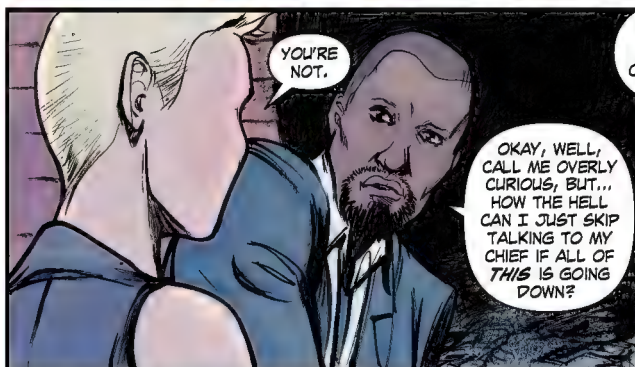
GOOD.
LOOKING FORWARD
TO IT. I'M ON
THE SECOND FLOOR.
ROOM 205. EIGHT
O'CLOCK TOMORROW
NIGHT.

YOU
BEST BRING
PROTECTION,
MISTER.



Meanwhile.







HADRY
WAS THE FIRST
OF US TO GET
SHOT. SHE DIED.
SHE'S DEAD.

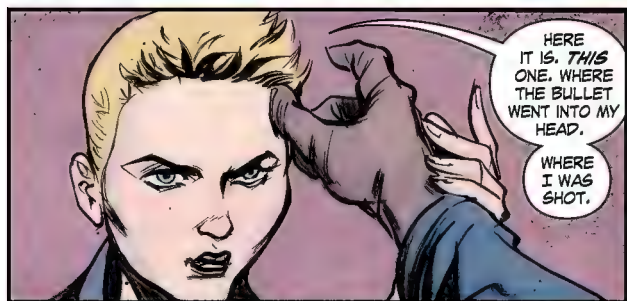
THE BULLET
WENT THROUGH HER
BRAIN AND THERE ISN'T
ANYTHING I CAN DO
ABOUT THAT. NOT
ANYMORE. NOT WITH
HER.

I HAVE SOME
IDEAS FOR ANY
FUTURE OPERATIONS
WITH OTHER PEOPLE,
BUT...FOR HADRY?
IT'S OVER.



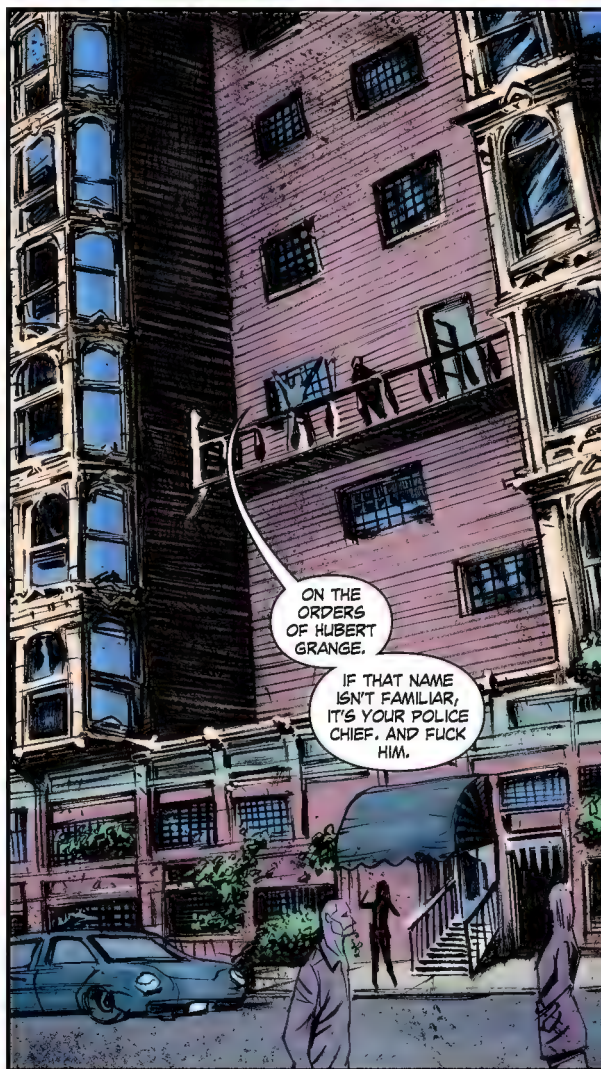
ONE BY
ONE, WE WERE
SHOT DEAD. YOU
KNOW WHAT IT FEELS
LIKE TO GET SHOT
THROUGH THE HEAD?
I DO.

DID YOU HAPPEN
TO NOTICE, WHEN
YOU WERE TOUCHING
ALL MY VARIOUS CURVES
AND BUMPS, THE MOST
CURIOUS OF ALL MY
BUMPS?



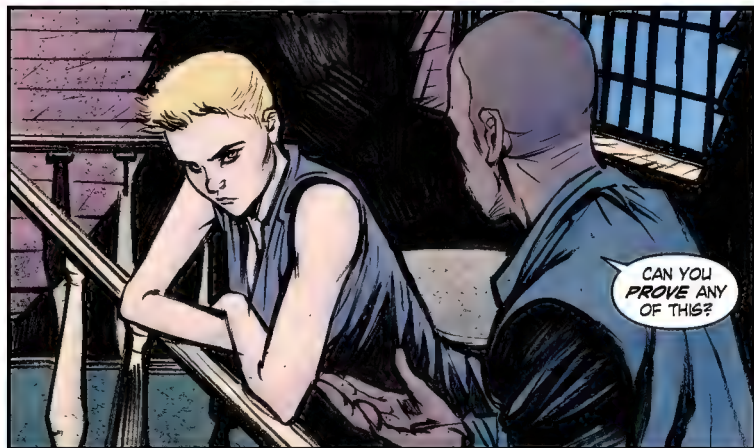
HERE
IT IS. *THIS*
ONE. WHERE
THE BULLET
WENT INTO MY
HEAD.

WHERE
I WAS
SHOT.



ON THE
ORDERS
OF HUBERT
GRANGE.

IF THAT NAME
ISN'T FAMILIAR,
IT'S YOUR POLICE
CHIEF. AND FUCK
HIM.



CAN YOU
PROVE ANY
OF THIS?



WE'RE
ON IT.



"I SET A KITTY LOOSE IN HUBERT'S HOUSE."

SWEAR I HEARD SOMETHING.



"UNDER SUPERVISION, OF COURSE."



"I LOVE LEO, BUT HE'S A TAD ENTHUSIASTIC, SOMETIMES. AND I THINK IT'S IMPORTANT TO SEARCH A MAN'S HOUSE THE SAME WAY YOU WOULD INTERROGATE HIM. YOU KNOW..."



BANG

"...BAD COP."

REWARD



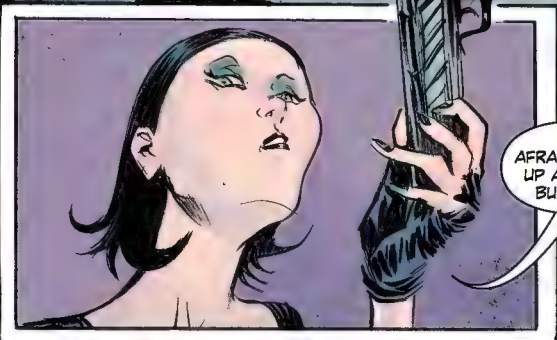
"...GOOD COP."

STAY DOWN. HE WON'T ATTACK YOU IF YOU QUIT MOVING. THOSE WOUNDS WILL HEAL. WOMEN LOVE SCARS.

EVERYTHING'S GOING TO WORK OUT FINE.









HA HA HA!
UP YOURS,
COPPER!

THUMP
THUMP
THUMP

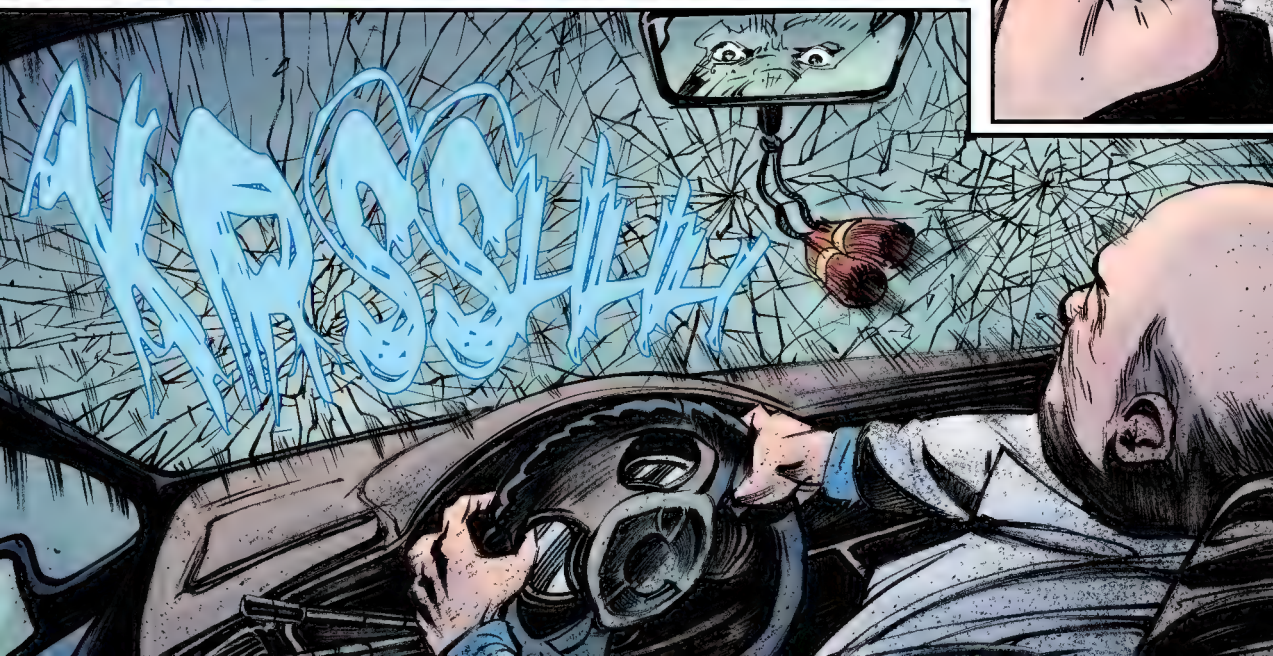


FUCK!
C'MON,
MY KEYS!
MY FUCKING
KEYS!

OKAY,
YOU BITCH!
YOU'RE GOING TO
SEE WHAT HAPPENS
WHEN YOU PISS OFF
THE FUCKING CHIEF
OF THE FUCKING
POLICE!

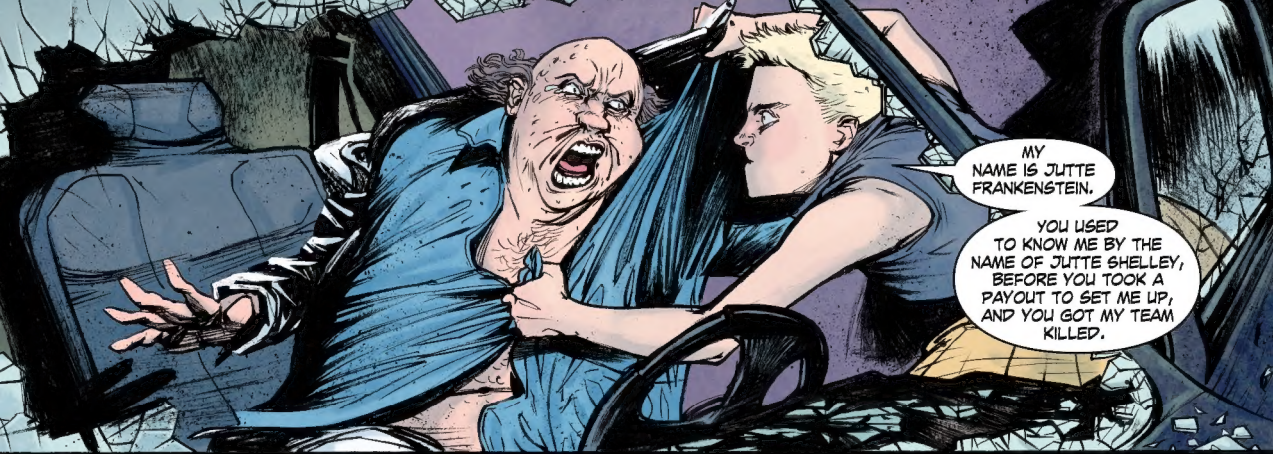


I CAN RUN
YOUR SKINNY ASS
DOWN AND NOBODY
WILL SAY A GOD-
DAMN--



KASSTLY





MY NAME IS JUTTE FRANKENSTEIN.

YOU USED TO KNOW ME BY THE NAME OF JUTTE SHELLEY, BEFORE YOU TOOK A PAYOUT TO SET ME UP, AND YOU GOT MY TEAM KILLED.



I BELIEVE WE SHOULD TALK.



BASE. THIS IS TOKEN BLONDE. I'M IN POSITION, AND...YOU WERE RIGHT.

SURVEILLANCE ON HUBERT GRANGE IS PAYING OFF.



JUTTE'S THERE, MAKING HIM SPILL HIS GUTS. I CAN SMELL THE URINE FROM HERE.

DO I TAKE THE SHOT?



TAKE THE SHOT.

To be continued...

NEXT ISSUE NEXT ISSUE

ON SALE 12/13





ROBIN



HI EVERYONE!

Robin here, the soon-to-be 31-year-old Senior Editor at Oni. This month is my birthday month (along with Publisher James Lucas Jones), and it is usually a very good month! Except for certain elections. And also the fact that I grew up not being able to celebrate my birthday or any holidays. BUT THAT'S OVER NOW.

I am currently in the midst of planning this year's Thanksgiving menu. I am not a good cook, so I use it as an opportunity to try cooking a bunch of new things, and also as an opportunity to make mashed potatoes, because they are delicious. Also, since no one else in my friends circle likes gravy, I get ALL THE GRAVY.

Someday it would be fun to do an Oni-themed Thanksgiving. Glittery pastries from *Space Battle Lunchtime*! Vegan Shepherd's Pie from *Scott Pilgrim*! Fancy tea from *The Tea Dragon Society*! Mashed potatoes from... uh... look, there just needs to be mashed potatoes at all times, regardless of the theme, okay?

This year, while I'm eating mashed potatoes, I'll be rereading some of my favorite Oni titles. I can't wait for *Letter 44 Volume 5*—it's got all the astronaut one-shots we've done over the whole run! I'll also continue my annual tradition of getting cider-tipsy and doing a dramatic reading of a random *Rick and Morty* issue pulled out of the Sorting Hat from the *Harry Potter* films that I bought at auction for a cool \$3 mil. Then, since I spent all my money on the Sorting Hat, I'll be making papier-mâché bowls from my back issues of *Invader ZIM*.

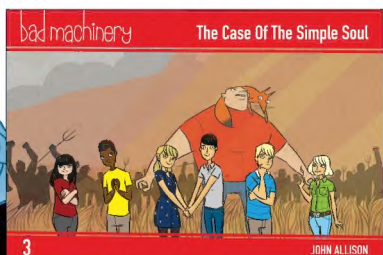
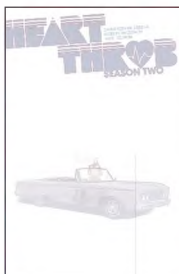
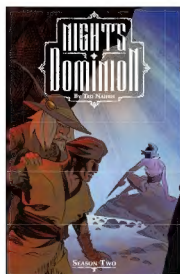
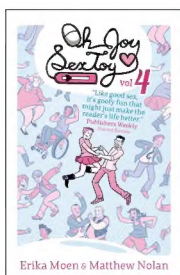
(The bowls are for holding more mashed potatoes.)



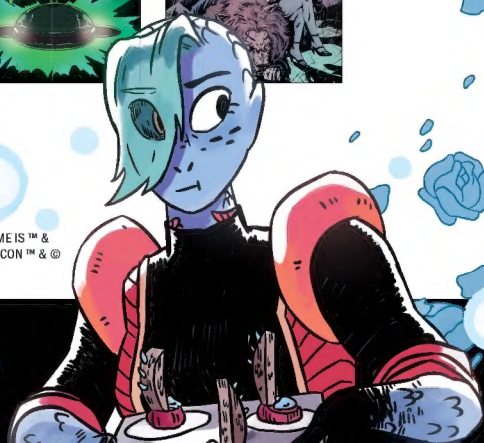
Happy Feasting!
Robin Herrera
Senior Editor



► WHAT'S NEW THIS MONTH



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